Daily Eagle

THE WORLD.

A playground—oft with clouded skies
That o'er the rosebuds weep,
Where little troubles take the weight
Of sorrows far more deep;
Where loved toys break in tiny hands—
Sad symbols of the time
When hope shall chant and joys depart
In life's swift passing prime.

A battlefield where forces meet,
And unseen hosts contend,
With truces all so short, they seem
With the wild strife to blend;
Strife that leaves none of us unscathed,
Where'er the mastery be;
But who, till the Great Day, can tell
With whom is victory?

A graveyard, where on every side
Pale monuments arise,
To show how brief is human life,
How vain is all we prize.
A graveyard filled by memory,
Where phantoms lightly tread,
But each one points with finger raised
To blue skies overhead.
—Camilla Crosland in Chambers' Journal.

MICKEY FINN'S RATTLER.

The air surrounding Cooney Island palpitated with fervent heat. Parched and dry, the blades of grass in Stumpy Field gave up their juices to the thirsty air. The leaves in Lindsley's wood were stirred by no refreshing breeze, and dust lay six inches deep on the Old Point road. Even the sweet briar bush which stood on the shady side of the Finn shanty hung its blooming cups and longed for the refreshing dew. In all the wide expanse of landscape which could be seen from the back stoop of the shanty, there was no sign of life save the drowsy hum of bees, and here and there a butterfly spreading its golden sails in the sunlight.

Mrs. Finn formed a charming picture as she sat in her husband's arm chair, just inside the kitchen door. It was universally acknowledged that she was the handsomest woman on the island. Her complexion was clear, and her cheeks just tinged with red like the cheek of an ox heart cherry. Now her long black lashes hid the gray blue eyes, and her strong, well knit hands lay in her lap, which was covered with an apron fresh from the ironing board. Mrs. Finn was tired. She had scrubbed the floor, blackened the stove, washed the dishes, ironed her husband's two flannel shirts, and, lulled by the somnolence in the air, she had dropped asleep. The muscles of her face contracted as an inquisitive fly lit upon her cheek, but the buzzing of the bumble bee, which blundered in at the door, did not disturb her slumbers. There was no kindly spirit to warn the sleeping woman of coming danger. Yet death in a hideous and revolting form was lurking in the grass within 100 feet of the shanty.

Just across the dusty road from the shanty, in the interstices of a stone wall and hidden by the long grass which grew upon either side, there was a rattlesnake's nest. The old he rattlesnake was five feet long, and its body was covered with beautiful arabesque markings. Many and narrow had been the escapes of this reptile from its pursuers. Mike Finn's sow had bitten off two of the snake's rattles when the sow had encountered the snake one morning before breakfast, and now the reptile's sinister rattle was not as loud as it had been. On this particular morning the snake had made its way out into the road and lay in the sand enjoying the heat.

Mike Clancy drove lazily along behind his canal mule. Under the canvas in the body of the wagon lay 200 herring, which Mike was peddling out to the housewives of Cooney Island. When the horse reached the vicinity of the snake the reptile raised its ophidian head and hissed. The mule stopped and refused to proceed. Mike did not see the snake, and so he whipped the mule in a cruel manner, but it only raised up on its hind legs and threatened to fall back upon the wagon.

"God save ye, Molly; no wondher ye wouldn't go wan whin ye had a dhirty rattler forninst ye. But I'll fix him!" said Mike, jumping from the wagon and throwing a huge stone at the snake. The mule turned quickly around and ran down the road at a canter, spilling the herring along the highway. Mike forgot all about the snake, and started in pursuit, bewailing his luck.

"Faix," said he, "I dunno is snakes or meules th' worst!"

In the meantime the rattler had slid across the road and up the green bank into the yard of the Finn shanty. Here an old hen saw the crawling snake. Clucking an alarm to her brood, the hen ruffed the feathers on her neck and called away her brood from the danger.

The tame crow now made its appearance, hopping around the corner of the shanty. Its quick eye espied the rattler. The crow uttered a hoarse, discordant croak, and flew up on the fence. While the snake moved across the yard in pursuit of the young chickens the crow followed along the top board of the fence. Several times during the transit the snake raised its head with a warning hiss at the crow, but the bird only cocked its head on one side and croaked its disapproval of the whole proceedings.

Whether it was the smell of the steam rising from the cabbage in the pot upon the stove, or whether it was fear of the crow which caused the snake to crawl over the doorstep and into the shanty, will probably never be known. However, with a sinuous gliding motion and with glittering eyes the snake entered the kitchen. Just as it arrived in front of Mrs. Finn, who was still sound asleep in her chair, a fly lit upon Mrs. Finn's nose. With an involuntary movement she lifted her hand to brush off the insect. The snake, evidently regarding the movement as a hostile one, gently shook its rattles, and, flattening its head, coiled its body in an attitude preparatory to striking.

Its head was raised two feet from the floor, and its eyes, shining like black jewels, were fastened upon the sleeping woman. But she was all unconscious of the reptile's nearness. Her hand fell again to its original position in her lap, her face assumed the quiet of repose, and she was again off into dreamland. The snake swayed back and forth, slowly uncoiled itself, and resumed its way toward the stove.

Just at this time the crow made its appearance in the doorway. It croaked a harsh protest against the snake's invasion, and, jumping on the stove hearth, peered around until it discovered the snake under the stove. The snake lay perfectly quiet upon the oilcloth, the bees hummed in the meadow outside, and the butterflies flashed in the sunlight just as they had done before Mrs. Finn had dropped asleep in her chair.

It will be necessary to tell, in order that the reader may thoroughly appreciate the situation, that Mickey Finn had gone out in the vicinity of the Devil's lake that morning with his father's dinner pail and his mother's two quart molasses pail in search of raspberries. He was returning up the Old Point road with the pails both filled with fruit when he met his friend Jack Doolan. Doolan carried with him a five cent firecracker, which had somehow escaped being exploded on the Fourth of July.

Little Mike offered Doolan a small mud turtle about the size of a silver dollar, which he carried in his trousers pocket, in exchange for the cracker, but Doolan refused the offer.

"I don't want none o' yer ould mud turtles," said Doolan; "but if ye'll gi' me wan o' thim pails full o' berries I'll gi' ye th' cracker."

Mickey demurred to this proposal, but Doolan dilated on the wonderful properties of the cracker and how it would "blow a tomato can up agin th' sky," and at last the bargain was consummated. The berries were poured out into Doolan's hat, and while he ate them by the handfuls, little Mike examined one end of the cracker with an old jack knife to see how much powder there was in it. Then he resumed his homeward way, wondering how high the cracker would blow the turtle if the animal were placed on top of the tomato can when the explosion took place.

Meanwhile the sun had risen higher toward the zenith. The breeze still delayed its coming, and the heated air had drank up the water in the brook until there was scarcely enough left to wet the stones. Little Mike was afraid that he would be censured for the loss of his berries, and so he sneaked quietly in the gate and looked in at the kitchen door before entering. He was delighted to see that his mother was asleep. Stepping into the kitchen, his bare feet made no sound upon the floor. Putting his pails upon the table, he was about to go out into the yard and explode his cracker when the croak of the crow attracted his attention. Looking in the direction of the stove, he saw the head of the snake projecting beneath the hearth.

The sight frightened him and he backed slowly out into the yard. The snake was now slowly gliding toward his mother. He was afraid to awaken her for fear that she might be bitten. Then an inspiration came to him. Said he to himself:

"Musha, but I'll blow you into smithereens, me beauty!"

Taking a match from his pocket he scratched it upon the fence and applied the flame to the end of the firecracker's stem. While the powder in the end was spitting out sparks he went to the door and rolled the big firecracker in the direction of the snake. The snake saw it coming, and coiling itself quickly struck its deadly fangs into the red jacket of the cracker. There was a moment of intense suspense on the part of the boy, but before the reptile could withdraw its head an explosion ensued which blew the headless, lifeless body of the snake across the stove, shook the shanty to its foundations and startled Mrs. Finn so that she fell over backwards in her chair upon the floor. As she regained her feet, pale and breathless, she caught a glimpse of her grinning son in the yard. Grabbing the broom in her hand she started after him, exclaiming as she did so:

"Aha, aha! me laddy buck, so ye're blowin' up the shanty wid yer divilish powdther, are yer? Faix, ye'll think th' Onld B'y himsel' had ye whin I lay hoult o' ye, so ye will!"

The bees hummed, the old hen clucked to her brood, the sun lay hot upon the meadows, and down the Old Point road ran little Mike pursued by his irate mother.—Evening Sun.

Queer Habits in the East.

A man who has traveled a good deal said to a reporter the other day:

"On ordering cigars at the club last evening a card was handed me for my signature. My explanation that to pay cash would be preferrable was accepted. My friend, after lighting his cigar, said: 'You would never get on in the east if you object to signing chits.' Inquiry led me to know that the word chit was the common—possibly the pigeon English word for 'check'—I. O. U. or promise to pay—generally. My friend added that no one thing in the eastern civilization was so much remarked by the griffin than this same chit system. Seeing from my dazed expression that the word griffin conveyed no idea, my friend introduced his remarks on chits by saying that a griffin in the east was the 'tenderfoot' our western cowboy so much delights in chaffing.

"The 'chit,' I was given to understand, was the natural protest in countries where no money save silver dollars existed. One naturally could not carry many of them with comfort, and hence the habit of signing one's name with amount of bill whenever a purchase was made. By custom this habit became so extensively—so generally—used that today you sign the chit for anything and everything—for a glass of beer, turnout for the day or an extensive purchase of curios. By this time our cigars were finished and we had to separate, not, however, before I was assured that my friend, who had spent some time in the east, had plenty of odd experiences to tell of and plenty of queer customs to describe."—New York Telegram.

A puppy bounding from lap to lap to caress all the members of a household comes pretty near being a purp-pet-you-all motion.—Binghamton Republican.

How Cards Are Marked.

"How do you mark a card?" said a Graphic man to Charley Mosster as he stood on Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue last night watching the world as it passed.

"Easy enough," was his answer. "We do it in the same way that the blind man reads—by the sense of feeling. Before we can read these cards they must be put in shape. This is done with a ring which is worn on the most convenient finger. On the inside of the ring—I mean the part under the finger—is a little steel spur, not sharp enough to penetrate the cards and make a hole, which would be detected, but a slight indentation, resembling a pimple, on the back of the card, but so small that with close observation it would not be noticed.

"This we cannot see, but we can feel it, and the location is the cipher to the denomination of the card. Of course we have to see and handle the cards before we they can be 'marked,' but as we can handle from five to ten cards each deal, it does not take long to have all the important cards punctured. Reading cards marked in this way is easy to me. I have one system as to the location of marks, and it is just as simple as telling the same by the location of the hands of a clock in the absence of the regular dial figures. Sharp players make their punctures so slight that they cannot be detected by the ordinary sense of feeling.

"The reading is then done with the ball of the thumb from which the outer cuticle has been removed by acid. The mother skin is very tender, and readily responds when it comes in contact with the 'mark.' Greeks of this class can be detected by watching the thumb of the right hand in dealing. If it has a sliding motion up and down the cards then you can bet two to one that the dealer has got a book for the blind to read."—New York Graphic.

National Habits of Expectoration.

The streets of Paris are a pure delight to me for many reasons, but chiefly because they are so clean. Why cannot our streets at home, the streets of Pittsburg, New York, Philadelphia and Boston, be clean, too? Certainly there is enough money spent on them to insure it! But so long as one thing is permitted in our American thoroughfares, which is punishable with arrest and fine here, just so long will our avenues and cross streets, our pavements, aye, even our train cars and ferryboats, be disgusting and dirty, unseemly and a constant reproach. I allude to the national habit of expectoration, the national disgrace, for it is to my mind nothing less. Were I to see a man, whom I had previously adored, indulging in this habit in my presence in street, piazza, house or car, I should—not adore him any longer, that is all; and here it is followed promptly by arrest, so consequently the streets are (other means being not only paid for but used), the streets of Paris are what ours are not—fit to walk in.—"Miss Marigold" in Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE BEDOUIN'S PRAYER.

Allah, oh, reg not that thou slay
My foe; that thine eye shall keep
My sword untarnished while I sleep,
Allah! And I will find the way
To pierce such dog, such Christian slave,
And send him to Mahomet's throne
Unharmed; where dark eyed houris frown
On any but the warlike brave!

Allah! I ask not that thy power
Shall spare me from the doom of death,
A thing light given—light ta'en is breath.
I ask not one extended hour
To draw the vapor, such as steals,
And gives the palm a mute caress;
But, Allah, out of nothingness
Lift thou me when the hot brain reels.

To meet my death as Bedouin should,
At point of lance, 'neath starry skies—
To meet the glance of tender eyes,
Still mottled with the battle blood—
To make from out cold lethargy,
Thrilled to the soul by her soft kiss,
Whose liquid fire shall wake by bliss
Through all unspaced eternity!
—Martha Eileen Holahan.

CAPT. BODEN.

Lying on a shelf above the roll top desk in the office of a South street merchant, with a lot of letter and bill files, etc., on each side of it, is a bound volume of The London Mercantile Marine Magazine. A slip of red ribbon serves as a book mark in it. It is not customary for merchants to keep old magazines among their papers, and a friend of the merchant asked him yesterday if there was any special reason for doing so.

"Yes," said the merchant, "it contains a reference to my first voyage to sea. Besides, I like to show it to Capt. Boden when he comes in to see me. Capt. Boden is a prosperous Long Island farmer now, living near Northport, but twenty years ago he was the master of the New Haven schooner Pandora. I was a lad of 16 then, and made my first sea voyage in the Pandora. So the captain and I are old friends."

By this time the merchant had got rid of the dust on the outside of the magazine, and had opened it at the book mark. On one page, in black faced type, was the heading, "Rewards and Testimonials," beneath which was the statement that her British majestry and the board of trade had awarded various articles as prizes to sailor men for humanity and bravery, as stated in the paragraphs following. One of these paragraphs had a black pencil mark around it. It was as follows:

"To Capt. Isaac Boden, of the schooner Pandora of New Haven, U. S., a gold chronometer in acknowledgment of his humanity to the master and crew of the brig Fannie Douglas, of Nassau, N. P., whom he rescued from their vessel on June 27."

"The entire crew of the Pandora," continued the merchant, "were Northport citizens, neighbors and friends, you may say, at home and at sea as well. The mate, Ezekiel Norton, was the captain's brother-in-law; both men owned shares in the schooner, and both were good seamen. The second mate, Daniel Clement, who was about fifteen years older than either, was acknowledged to be the best sailor man hailing from Northport. That he was a second mate instead of a captain was due solely to his taste for liquor.

"With such a crew as this it is not surprising that discipline was somewhat lax. Man o' war discipline never yet got over the rail of a coasting schooner so far as I know, but I rather think that we had more slack rope to ours than is generally found even in the coasting trade. In spite of this, however, the men had a sailor pride in the craft, and it was not too much to say that the Pandora was handled and cared for as well as any vessel in the trade.

"We were on the return trip from New Orleans for Fall River with cotton, and had just brought Hatteras abeam when there came a piping gale out of the northwest that liked to have ended us then and there. The wind came in a squall, and we lost the maintopmast while taking in the flying jib and foretopsail. Then we hauled down the jib and lowered the foresail on deck in a hurry, after which, finding the wind increasing constantly, we close reefed the foresail and furled the rest of the canvas, and so lay to and let her drift. Of course we got the wreckage cleared away as soon as we had snugged her.

"Well, the Pandora was a good sea boat, and after drifting for three days and losing nearly 100 miles the storm blew itself out and settled into a westerly wind that promised to make up partly for what we had lost. We were all animation in getting the canvas on her again to take advantage of the breeze, the more so as she had had a much slower passage up to the time the storm came on than usual, on account of light winds. As soon as we got the sails set Mr. Clement and one of the men began blocking out a new topmast from a spruce log that we had carried for such an emergency. Clement was a good ship's carpenter, and had saved the Pandora a great many dollars for minor repairs.

"While at work at this, and somewhere about 10 o'clock in the morning, the man at the wheel saw a wreck a long way off to leeward. It was plainly a brig, for, although both topmasts and the bowsprit were gone, the lower masts remained. When the wreck was reported Capt. Boden came on deck and took a long look at her through the glass.

"'She's British,' he said, pretty soon.

"'See anybody on her?' asked Mr. Norton.

"'Not a soul. Take a look at her yourself.'

"'I'm mighty glad of that,' said Mr. Norton, taking the glasses. 'We'd lose half a day of this wind if we had to run down there.'

"With that Mr. Clement got rid of a large chew of tobacco, and said with emphasis:

"'If we had to run down to her! Ain't ye going to run down anyhow?' Mr. Clement had been twice picked off of floating wrecks like the one we were looking at, and each time it was after seeing a number of vessels pass very close to windward without paying any attention to the wreck. He was sensitive on the subject, naturally. No one made any reply to his question. After looking the wreck over Mr. Norton said:

"'British she is for sure. The squall must have caught her all standing. It blowed the canvas clean out of her. I can't see enough flapping about her for a distrag except that piece of the spanker at the end of the gaff. There's nobody aboard of her, for there isn't any sort of a signal to be seen fore nor aft.'

"Mr. Clement snorted rather than said: 'Give me the glasses.'

"One glance was enough for him.

"'There's nothing like shares in the vessel to blind the eyes of a skipper,' he said. 'Piece of the spanker, eh? At the end of the gaff, eh? Can't see no signals, eh? Don't know no difference between tarpaulins and the end of a gaff for signals and a piece of a spanker, eh? Don't want to see any signals, do ye? Some folks are mean enough to leave their own mothers on a wreck rather than lose a capful of wind.'

"The more Mr. Clement said the more excited he got, and from what I have repeated he went on to worse until the captain got so roiled over the taunts of the man that he hauled off and knocked him down. But he didn't stay down; he was on his feet again in an instant and grabbed for a pump brake in a rack at the mainmast. A pump brake is a mighty handy weapon. It is usually made of ash and is about thirty inches long and two inches thick at the biggest end. Capt. Boden grabbed a brake at the same time. Unfortunately Mr. Clement tried to pull it out the wrong way and the captain got ahead of him, whereupon Mr. Clement expecting a blow, jumped back and drew a sheath knife, and asserted that a captain who would leave sailors to die on a wreck for the sake of saving a dollar or two was a cowardly dog who deserved to die, and die he should if he came a step nearer with that pump brake. Then Mr. Norton took a hand in to subdue the wrathful second mate.

"Now by this time the wreck was pretty well abeam, and her broken spars were plainly visible, but her hull was so low in the water that nothing on deck could be seen. Our men could see the piece of a spanker (for such it proved to be, and not a tarpaulin, as Mr. Clement said), but they believed it to be a tarpaulin, and that it was a signal of distress. So when Mr. Norton started in with the captain to club the second mate into submission, three or four of them interfered. One of them remarked that if the Christians wouldn't 'do their duty toward distressed fellow bein's it's about time for the devil to make 'em do it.' The captain was a deacon in the Methodist church at Northport, and this made him wince. He began to think, too, what his neighbors would say when the story of a wreck being passed in that way got around, and turning to the man at the wheel he ordered him to put it up. Then the sheets were eased off, and we were soon running down to the brig. That ended the fight.

"In less than half an hour the captain, who was looking at her from the topgallant forecastle, began to get excited. He was a warm hearted man, and was as eager to make a rescue as any one when a rescue was to be made.

"'There they are, there they are,' he said. 'No wonder we saw no signals. They're all under the fo'gallant forecastle, and the stern's breaking all up. The water's making a clean breech across amidships. One, two, three—there's five of 'em all huddled together, and not one able to stand up, I'll warrant ye. Clear away the boat.'

"There was a rush aft by all hands and the boat was soon ready. Then we waited to get near enough to drop it. Everybody wanted to go in her, and there was almost another fight to see who should have the privilege. But the captain, who was a master hand with an oar, said that he would steer and that Mr. Clement and two others only should go along, and it was settled that way, though much to Mr. Norton's dissatisfaction.

"Ranging close up to windward of the wreck, our yawl was eventually dropped into the sea, and was soon under the lee of the wreck in spite of the cross sea that was still running and in spite of a lot of the brig's cargo of timber that was floating about. Here Mr. Clement and the captain boarded the wreck, and after a lot of labor got the five men into the yawl.

"Meantime we had run the schooner as close under the lee of the wreck as we dared to do, and so the yawl rowed down to us, and we took them all aboard. The five were all that remained of a crew of fourteen, the rest having been lost when the masts went over the side. The saved included the captain, the first mate, the cook and two men.

"Off Sandy Hook about fifty miles we transferred the wrecked crew to a pilot boat bound in. When we reached Fall River we found the papers had been full of the story of our rescue of those five men. We were all mentioned by name, and the fact that the captain himself had taken the steering oar of the yawl was made much of. Captains, you know, seldom do such a thing as make a rescue personally. The captain of the brig, in his gratitude, had really exaggerated the danger we ran.

"Of course the British consul was told all about it, and he wrote a letter to Capt. Boden, thanking him heartily and the crew as well, and saying that the case would be laid before her majesty the queen. The outcome of it all was that instead of the gift of binoculars which her majesty usually makes in such cases Capt. Boden got a gold chronometer.

"All this time, of course, nothing was said about Capt. Boden having been forced into running down to look at the wreck. There was not a man on board who would breath a word about it to another in the forecastle, let alone blab it about Northport. The papers said that when Capt. Boden was called into the Maritime Exchange one day about six months later and found himself before the British consul and more than a hundred brokers, who were cheering him with characteristic enthusiasm, he broke down entirely, and couldn't say or do anything but rub his eyes with the back of his hand, as if he was trying to get a better sight at something. So they had to put the box holding his chronometer into his pocket for him.

"As I said at the beginning, Mr. Clement was in no way thrifty, having too strong a liking for liquor. But he had a smart wife, who, by dint of hard work at whatever offered among the people of Northport, had managed to buy and partly pay for a neat cottage, with half an acre of ground facing the bay, and in the southerly outskirts of the village. But the mortgage of something over $300, with the interest, troubled her greatly. I happened to be in the house the next morning after Capt. Boden got the chronometer, and she was just saying she wished the queen had given him the money value instead, for then the captain would have been man enough to divide with the crew, when in walked the captain himself, without knocking. The captain was plainly excited.

"'Why, captain,' said Mrs. Clement, 'what's the matter? Is Sarah or any child sick?'

"'No, no,' said the captain, as he fumbled for a big envelope. 'No, we're all as well's common. Here's a letter for ye. I reckon it's from the queen of England, and if you'll ask Dan about it he'll tell ye.'

"Then he went out and slammed the door. The letter was a release of the mortgage on the house. The captain knew that to Mr. Clement was due the credit of the rescue of the crew of the brig, and while he could not refuse to take the gold chronometer, he was determined that the Clements should have more than the value of the present."

London Times' Proof Reading.

The art of proof reading, which exists in a very crude state in this country, has been brought to a high degree of perfection by The London Times. Five years ago Lord Winchelsea made a bet that he would find thirty misprints in six numbers of The Times. The stakes were $500 and $50 additional for every blunder additional, more or less. Six numbers were taken at random, and three misprints were discovered. Lord Winchelsea lost nearly $2,000.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Blinded by the Blizzard.

A singular effect of a gale of ice and snow in the northwest during a cold wave last winter was to freeze the eyes shut and then form an ice mask over the face. The wind would drive the fine, hard snow into the eyes, causing them to water. The snow would mix with the water, between the eyelids, and the cold wind would at once bind the lids together by an ice band. The repeated removal of this would inflame the eyeballs so that a film would form, obscuring the sight. After this film formed, the presence of the ice was a relief to the inflammation. The eyes would soon be frozen so close that nothing but steady artificial heat would relieve them.—Boston Budget.